THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*

No. 329.—Vol. VII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1826. PRICE 3½d.

Scientific Notices.

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents.

VOLCANIC CHARACTER OF THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

The narrative, a part of which we here present our readers, to be continued in weekly portions until completed, will be perused with unusual interest, if the taste of our readers is in any degree in accordance with our own. The island now called *Hawaii*, it should be premised, was formerly named *Owhyhee*; unfortunately but too memorable as the scene of the murder of our illustrious countryman, Captain Cook.

This ferocious deed led to the conclusion that the natives of this most romantic and little-explored island, were of an unusually ferocious disposition; and it was naturally concluded that *Owhyhee* would be a very proper place for the pious exertions of the Christian missionaries. Accordingly, in October 1819, a mission sailed from Boston, for the Sandwich Islands, where they arrived in the April of the following year; and in November of 1822, an additional number of missionaries sailed also for the same destination, and arrived in April, 1823.

Some of these missionaries appear to have been peculiarly well selected for a romantic and hazardous exploit, however they may be suited to the other objects of the mission. They are obviously men of liberal education, and of fearless character; and they have paid attention to those scientific acquirements which are essentially necessary to render their experience of any value to the rest of mankind.

The tour round this most extraordinary island was undertaken by Messrs. Ellis, Harwood, Thurston, Stewart, Bishop, and Goodrich, the first named of whom was an English missionary, then on a visit at the island.

Hawaii appears to be decidedly of a volcanic origin, and contains mountains upwards of eighteen thousand feet high.

It abounds with burning mountains of such immense magnitude, that those of Etna or Vesuvius are comparatively insignificant. One of these is seven and a half miles in circumference, and about one thousand feet deep.

The awfully romantic nature of the country, abounding with unfathomable caverns, innumerable gulfs of burning lava, and visited by frequent earthquakes, appears to have impressed the character of the inhabitants with a more than ordinary portion of that kind of superstition which is found to prevail amongst all savage nations.

The *Hawaiians* "recognise the presence of some unpropitious deity, in the sighing of the breeze, the gloom of the night, the boding eclipse, the meteor's glance, the lightning's flash, the thunder's roar, and the earthquake's shock." To use the words of the narrative, "they have a goddess of volcanoes, whom they call *Pele*, and they are continually reminded of her power by almost every object that meets the eye, from the rude cliffs of lava, against which the billows of the ocean dash, even to the ofty craters, her ancient seat, amid perpetual snows."

We will not further anticipate the narrative, which we venture to pronounce one of the most interesting of its kind ever published; and we are glad to find that the intelligent editor of the *Philosophical Magazine and Journal* appears to entertain the same opinion of it; as he has commenced his work with copious selections from Mr. Goodrich's letter.

We shall put our readers in possession of the whole, consisting of 36 pages in Professor Silliman's valuable work, in which the narrative originally appeared.

Notice of the volcanic Character of the Island of Hawaii, in a letter to the Editor, and of various facts connected with late observations of the Christian Missionaries in that country, abstracted from a Journal of a Tour around Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands.

(From the American Journal of Science and Art, for June, 1826.)

The Island of Owyhee, now called Hawaii, has long been famous as the scene of the death of the celebrated English navigator, Captain James Cook.

The atrocity of that scene, although extenuated by some circumstances of provocation, contributed to stamp the character of the natives with the charge of extreme barbarity; a charge which seems, however, to have had no peculiar foundation; the character of the Owyheans appearing to be substantially the same with that of all the inhabitants of the Polnesian groups.

However this fact may have been, an effort was thought worth making to elevate this interesting people to the condition of civilized and Christian men. It is well known, that in October, 1819, a mission sailed from Boston for the Sandwich Islands, where they arrived in April, 1820; and that an additional number of missionaries sailed from New-Haven* in November, 1822, and arrived in April, 1823.

Soon after the arrival of this second missionary family, a tour round the island was resolved upon, with particular reference to the great objects of the mission. Messrs. Ellis,† Harwood, Thurston, Stewart, Bishop, and Goodrich, were charged with the execution of this duty, which they performed with zeal and ability. The result of their observations is detailed in a little volume, ably drawn up by Mr. Ellis, and entitled "A Journal of a Tour around Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands." Besides many interesting statements relative to the paramount objects of the enterprise, it contains a great number more relating to the natural history of the island. From this part of the work we intend to quote the most important passages, and we conceive that we cannot better introduce them than by the following letter from Mr. Goodrich to the editor, which, although dated a year ago, has been received only within a few days.

* Among these missionaries was Mr. Joseph Goodrich, who, while a member of Yale College, applied himself with diligence to the study of mineralogy and geology, with particular reference to more extended usefulness as a missionary, he having already resolved on devoting himself to that object. Mr. Goodrich made very considerable acquirements in this way; and being endowed with a vigorous frame, and peculiar hardihood and equanimity, he was well qualified for the vicissitudes of a missionary life in a barbarous country. —The letter annexed contains so many interesting notices, that I have given it with little abridgment or alteration. Mr. Thurston and Mr. Whitney were also from Yale College, and possessed, in a high degree, the requisite traits of character.

† An English missionary then on a visit to Hawaii.

Letter from Mr. Joseph Goodrich, one of the American Missionaries in the Sandwich Islands.

TO PROFESSOR SILLIMAN, NEW-HAVEN, (CT.)

Waiakea, (Hawaii) April 20th, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,—I confess I have remained silent quite too long, in not answering your kind request on the eve of my embarkation, although I am better able to state facts now than at any former period. The station which I am called to occupy is on the N. E. side of Hawaii, (pronounced Harwye) at the head of a safe and commodious harbour, yet but little known to foreigners. About forty miles in the interior, in a south-westerly direction, is a burning volcano, that has been in a state of activity from time immemorial. The oldest natives can give no account of a time when it was not burning: they say it is more active now than it was twelve or fifteen years since.*

On my arrival at these islands I landed at Oahu, and spent two or three months there. The rocks that I examined there are decidedly volcanic, yet many bear a near resemblance to the trap rock. The soil, in many places, is quite red, and is used by some for red paint; and, for any thing that I know, answers every purpose of Spanish brown. The soil is the same on Tuuai, (Atooi.) From what I have seen and heard of all the islands, there is no doubt in my mind that they are all volcanic.

The summer after my arrival I spent about ten weeks in making a tour of this island, in company with several other members of the mission family. A journal of that tour will probably be published in America. The Island of Hawaii, from the north point to the southern, including all the west side of the island, is little else than one entire mass or sheet of lava, which has run down from the mountains at different periods. Some of the currents of lava are so recent, that there is no vegetation to be seen upon them; but others are of a much more ancient date, so that bushes, and even trees, have sprung up among the beds of lava. Most of the land on the western side of the island, four or five miles from the shore, is high, probably not far from 3000 feet above the level of the sea. In several places, the lava, as it ran down from the mountains, fell over precipices from 20 to 100 feet in height; sometimes presenting the form of stalactites, and at others of stalagmites, and sometimes an entire sheet, like the falling of water over a mill dam, except that the lava was more viscid.

The most remarkable place is eight or ten miles to the south of Kearakekua, which place is to the southward of the middle of the island. There are four high mountains in the island, one back of Toaehae, and another back of Kairua, upwards of 7000 feet high, called Hualulae: the two others are vastly higher, namely Mouna Kea, to the northward and eastward part of the island, estimated to be upwards of 18,000 feet high, and Mouna Roa, in the south-western part, probably near the same height. I have been twice to the summit of Mouna Kea. The first time, I was at the highest peak about three o'clock in the morning, in the month of August; the thermometer stood at 27 deg., 5 below the freezing point. I passed over several banks of snow that lay to the northward of the highest peaks, (this mountain rises much more abruptly than Mouna Roa) and the change was so great in passing from a torrid to a frigid zone, that I was under the necessity of travelling all the time I was up there to prevent

* There is now a whaling ship in this port, the Dawn, of New York, Capt. Butler, seven and a half months out, which will probably return about two years hence. Capt. B. expects to come here next fall, and likewise the spring following, on board of whose vessel it is my expectation to put a box of minerals for you, unless I have an opportunity before that time. I might now send it down to Oahu, the port from which almost all vessels clear out for America. Should I send it down there, it would be uncertain in what vessel it would be shipped, or at what port in America it would arrive. It would then be altogether uncertain whether you would ever receive them. I think it preferable to wait for a good opportunity.

freezing. The second time that I ascended was in April last. There appear to be three or four different regions in passing from the sea shore to the summit. The first occupies five or six miles, where cultivation is carried on, in a degree, and might be to almost any extent; but as yet, not one-twentieth part is cultivated. The next is a sandy region, that is impassable, except in a few footpaths. Brakes, a species of fern, here grow to the size of trees; the bodies of some of them are eighteen inches in diameter. The woody region extends between ten and twenty miles in width. The region higher up produces grass, principally of the bent kind. Strawberries, raspberries as large as butternuts, and whortleberries, flourish in this region, and herds of wild cattle are seen grazing. It is entirely broken up by hills and valleys, composed of lava, with a very shallow soil. The upper region is composed of lava in almost every form, from huge rocks to volcanic sand of the coarser kind. Some of the peaks are composed of coarse sand, and others of loose stones and pebbles. I found a few specimens that I should not hesitate to pronounce fragments of granite. I also found fragments of lava, bearing a near resemblance to a geode, filled with green crystals, which I suppose to be augite.

Very near to the summit, upon one of the peaks, I found eight or ten dead sheep; they probably fled up there to seek a refuge from the wild dogs; I have heard that there are many wild dogs, sheep, and goats. Dogs and goats I have never seen.

I was upon the summit about 2 o'clock p. m., the wind S. W., much resembling the cold blustering winds of March with you, the air being so rare that it produced a severe pain in my head, that left me as I descended. Much more might be said, that I must omit for want of room. The volcano that I before mentioned is by far the greatest curiosity in the Islands. I presume that it is the largest known; at least it is by far the largest of any of whose dimensions I have seen an account. I have made four visits to the volcano. The last time, I measured the circumference with a line, and found it to be seven and a half miles. Some part of the way I measured within the crater, where the wall was 300 or 400 feet above us. I counted twelve different places where lava was red hot, and three or four where it was spouting up lava thirty or forty feet. The depth of the crater is probably above 1000 feet; down about 500 feet is a black ledge, which appears to have been formed by the crater being filled up with lava one half way, and the lava being discharged by an outlet under ground. The crater appears to be filling up, for when I was there the last time, I perceived that the lava had run 30 or 40 feet over a place where I crossed the bottom when I was up there about six weeks previous. The lava was then so hot that I could only cross the edges, where it had run out. In the middle of this place it was still spouting out lava. I crossed the bottom in several places that looked quite smooth, as viewed from the top; but on descending I found the surface to be made up of hills and valleys. Dense sulphureous fumes are ascending from almost all parts of the bottom: some of the gaseous substances appeared to smell like muriatic acid gas: the gases are very suffocating, so much so that the crater is impassable in many places. In many places, the escaping of the gaseous substances make a tremendous roaring, like the steam let out of the boiler of a steam-engine. On the night of the 22d of December, 1824, a new volcano broke out at the bottom of the large crater; as soon as it was sufficiently light, I descended near to the spot where the lava was both spouting up and boiling like a fountain; some of the lava was thrown forty or fifty feet into the air. It was one of the most awful scenes that I ever witnessed, to see such a mass of lava, red hot, boiling and running like water, although it was not so liquid as water: by sunrise it had run fifty or sixty rods, and eight or ten rods wide. As I was alone, standing within a few rods of the running lava, I heard a crashing among the rocks of lava behind me. I judged it prudent to retrace my steps. On my visit there six weeks after, I found that it had formed a mound of the lava that had issued out, upwards of sixty feet above the bottom of the crater. The black ledge that I mentioned above, extends all round the crater except a few yards; it forms a kind of stair, although it is half a mile wide some part of the way. The crater upon this ledge measures five and a half miles in circumference. Capillary volcanic glass is in great abundance in some places upon the bottom, to the depth of two or three inches; and some is to be seen fifteen or twenty miles from the crater, drifted by the wind, and lodged in the crevices of the lava. There are also great quantities of pumice stone about the crater, but so very light and porous, that it is driven about by every puff of wind. It is so delicate in its texture that it is very difficult to preserve the specimens. Fifteen or twenty miles in a southerly direction, the steam and vapours are issuing through almost the whole distance from the cracks and fissures of the lava. The form of the crater is something of the shape of an egg, the longest diameter from N. to S. When one is in the crater, and viewing the rocks below the black body, (which is covered with very porous volcanic glass) lava of all descriptions may be seen, from that which is loose and porous to that which is very firm, and equally compact as any of the trap rocks. From what I have seen since I have been upon these islands, I should not hesitate to class lava and trap rocks together; for how can a part of the same mass be in a state of fusion and part not? That which appears to have been under the greatest pressure, is uniformly the most compact. I shall endeavour to send you specimens the first opportunity, although they will not be large, in consequence of having so far to carry them by hand. The land about the crater has fallen in, including a space not much short of six miles in diameter. To the north end of the crater the land is nearly level for a considerable distance, then it gradually descends to the sea shore: the volcano is probably 8,000 or 10,000 feet above the level of the sea: the ground or rocks are also full of cracks and fissures, that render it rather dangerous travelling. When I was up there in December, a native fell through the grass and rubbish into one of the fissures that was concealed, and was drawn up by a rope, much bruised.

There are large quantities of sulphur in and about the crater, where, also, whortleberries are growing all the year, but they are not so palatable as those in America; they are about the size of red cherries; the natives do not eat them, considering them sacred to the god of the volcano. There is also a plenty of wild geese, though not so large as tame geese. The lava in many places is full of the crystals of augite and leucite. The sand upon the sea shore in front of my house is composed chiefly of green crystals, which I suppose to be augite. I have tried several specimens of the lava, and find them fusible by the blow pipe. For further information I must refer you to a journal of a tour of this island that was made the summer after my arrival.

We will now proceed to give, as far as the object in view is concerned, an abstract and analysis of the tour of the missionaries, as drawn up by Mr. Ellis; and, although some of the facts are the same as those related by Mr. Goodrich, they are presented in such a connexion, that it will not be unpleasant or unprofitable to have them in part repeated. Mr. Goodrich's letter, however, contains, a number of facts, not related in the tour. "The tour," says the *North American* for April, 1826, "was begun at Kairua, a village on the western side of the island, and the residence of Kuakini, the principal chief of Hawaii. They proceeded along the coast to the south, east, and north, till they had encompassed the island, having occupied in their rambling a little more than two months. They made frequent excursions inland, visited the principal villages, conversed with the people, preached to them on proper occasions, and collected such information as in the most satisfactory manner to answer the ends of the mission. A guide was furnished them, called Makoa, a person of a somewhat remarkable appearance and character, to judge from his picture, and the description of him in the book: but he was faithful to his duty; and the travellers were hospitably received and civilly treated wherever they went."

In the report of the deputation, which is prefixed to the narrative of Mr. Ellis, they remark:—"We have been enabled to collect considerable information on a variety of subjects, which, though of secondary moment, in the missionaries' account, are nevertheless interesting and important; such as the natural scenery, productions, geology, and curiosities; the traditionary legends, superstitions, manners, customs, &c. "In the prosecution of our design, to *explore* and *enlighten* the long benighted Hawaii, we have ascended its lofty and majestic mountains, entered its dark caverns, crossed its deep ravines, and traversed its immense fields of rugged lava. We have stood with wonder on the edge of its ancient craters, walked tremblingly along the brink of its smoking chasms, gazed with admiration on its raging fires, and witnessed with no ordinary feelings of awe, the varied and sublime phenomena of volcanic action, in all its imposing magnificence and terrific grandeur."

The Hawaiians, we are assured, like other barbarous nations, are accustomed to recognise "the presence of some unpropitious deity"—"in the sighing of the breeze, the gloom of the night, the boding eclipse, the meteor's glance, the lightning's flash, the thunder's roar, and the earthquake's shock."

They have a goddess of volcanoes, whom they call *Pele*, and "they are continually reminded of her power by almost every object that meets the eye, from the rude cliffs of lava, against which the billows of the ocean dash, even to the lofty craters, her ancient seat amid perpetual snows."

The volcanic character of Hawaii is highly interesting, and the proofs of this character presented by the missionaries are so numerous, that they recur almost every where in their progress, and so satisfactory, that their statements cannot fail to produce entire conviction.

In the vicinity of Kairua they attempted to excavate a well, as there was no good water within five or six miles of the town. In the prosecution of this effort "they entered several caverns in the lava, resembling an arched vault, or extended tunnel of various thicknesses and dimensions. They supposed the lava at the edges of the torrent had first cooled, hardened, and formed the side walls, which approximated as they rose, until, uniting at the top, they became a solid arch, inclosing a stream of lava, which continued to flow on towards the sea. One of these tunnels, called Raniakea, they found to be of considerable extent. After entering it by a small aperture they passed on, in a direction nearly parallel with the surface, sometimes along a spacious arched way, not less than twenty-five feet high, and twenty wide; at other times by a passage so narrow that they could with difficulty press through, till they had proceeded about 1200 feet. Here their progress was arrested by a pool of water, of considerable extent and depth, and salt as that found in the hollows of the lava within a few yards of the sea. This latter circumstance, in a great degree, damped their hopes of finding fresh water, by digging through the lava. In their descent they were accompanied by more than thirty natives, most of whom carried torches. On arriving at the water they simultaneously plunged in, extending their torches with one hand, and swimming about with the other. "The partially-illuminated heads of the natives, splashing about in this subterranean lake; the reflection of the torch-light on its agitated surface; the frowning sides and lofty arch of the black vault, hung with lava, that had cooled in every imaginable shape; the deep gloom of the cavern beyond the water; the hollow sound of their footsteps; and the varied reverberations of their voices, produced a singular effect: and it would have required little aid from the fancy to have imagined a resemblance between this scene and the fabled Stygian lake of the poets." "The mouth of the cave is about half a mile from the sea; and the perpendicular depth to the water is probably not less than fifty or sixty feet. The pool is occasionally visited by the natives, for the purpose of bathing, as its water is cool and refreshing. From its ebbing and flowing it has probably a direct communication with the sea." It was ascertained that the point which forms the northern boundary of the bay, and "runs three or four miles into the sea, is composed entirely of lava, and was formed by an eruption of one of the large craters on the top of Mouna Hunarai, about twenty-three years ago, which filled up an extensive bay, twenty miles in length, and formed the present coast. A number of villages, plantations, fish-ponds, &c. were at that time destroyed."

It was observed that in several places "the sea rushes with violence along the cavities beneath the lava, to a considerable distance, and then, forcing its waters through the apertures in the surface, forms a number of *jets d'eau*, which falling again on the rocks, roll rapidly back to the ocean."

[To be continued.]

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Oct.									
4	29	68	47 0	53½	0	58	0	W.N.W.	Fair.
5	29	64	44½ 0	52	0	55	0	N.W.	Fair.
6	29	87	42 0	44½	0	56	0	S.S.E.	Fair.
7	29	63	50 0	55	0	60	0	S.S.W.	Fair.
8	29	67	48 0	52	0	59½	0	S.	Fair.
9	29	51	46 0	51	0	57	0	W.N.W.	Rain.
10	29	49	47 0	55½	0	59½	0	N.W.	Rain.

4th,—Eight, a.m. stormy.

5th,—A severe storm during the night; 7, a.m. rain.

7th,—Seven, p.m. much rain.

8th,—Nine, p.m. heavy rain.

10th,—Heavy rain during night.

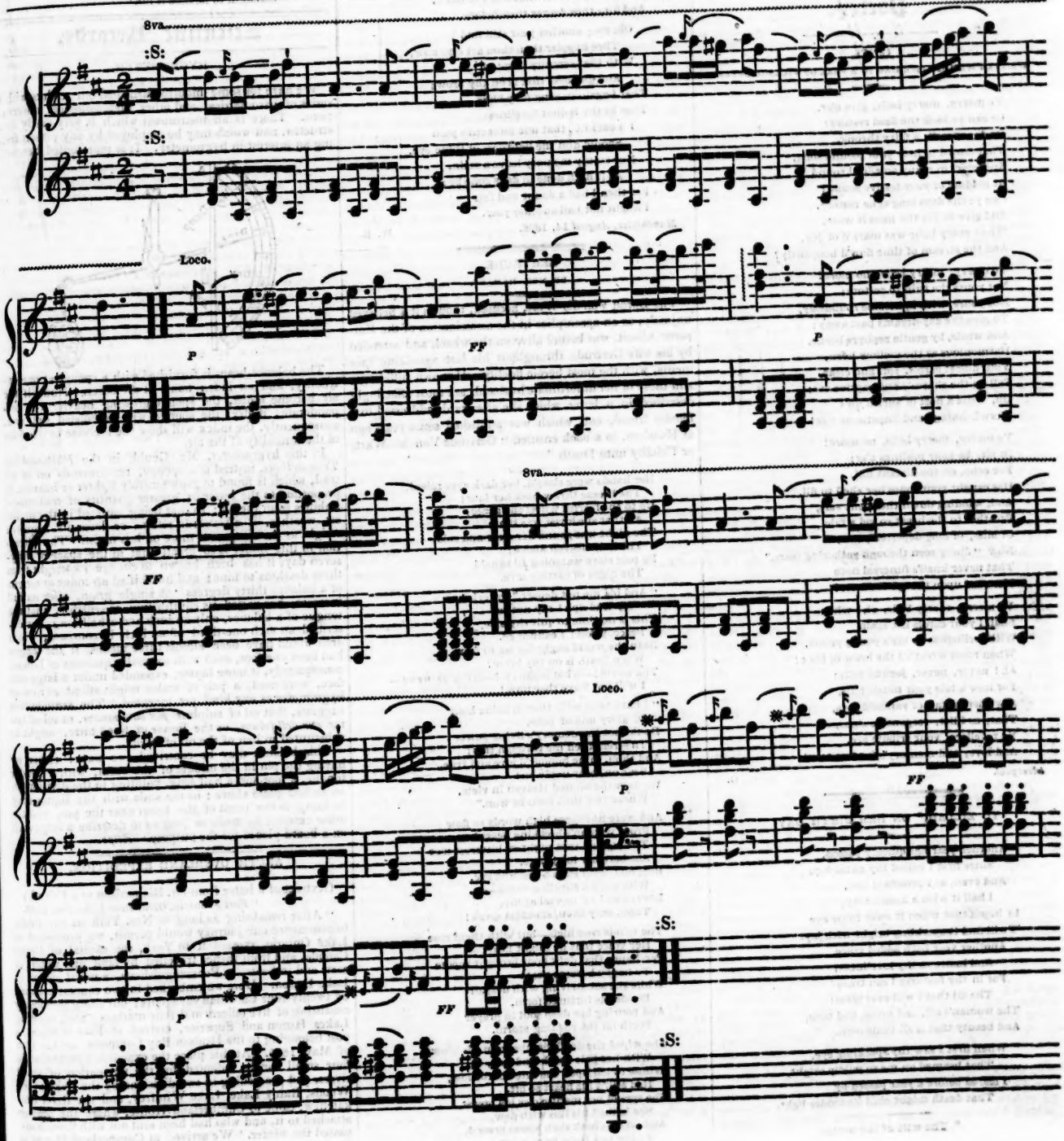
REMARKS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Mean barometrical height, 29 inches 71 parts; mean temperature, extreme during night, 51 deg. 13 parts; 8, a.m. 56. 29.; noon, 62. 22.; extreme heat during day, 68. 23.; highest temperature during the month, 68, lowest, 44½; prevailing winds, East.

LA CHESTER QUADRILLE.

(LA POULE.)

COMPOSED BY C. HARDING, OF CHESTER.



Poetry.

LINES,

WRITTEN WHILST LISTENING TO A PEAL OF VILLAGE BELLS.

Ye merry, merry bells, give o'er,
Or can ye back the dead restore?
Or days recall, a fairy throng,
That crowd to hear your jocund song,
And sport in many an aërial round
At bidding of your festive sound?
Can ye the days lang syne restore,
And give to life the hues it wore,
When every hour was mark'd of joy,
And the stream of time flow'd buoyantly?

Ye merry, merry bells, no more!
Not yours the ruin to restore;
Not yours, with lightsome roundelay,
To give the day-dreams past away;
And while, by gentle zephyrs borne,
Harmonious as the mellow horn,
Your dulcet carols, soft and clear,
Fall on the charm'd and captive ear;
Oh, what a host of buried joys
O'erwhelming, and impetuous rise!

Ye merry, merry bells, no more!
In pity be your pealings o'er;
For echo, on the distant hill,
Has caught your tones her shell to fill,
And, winding down the silent vale,
Breathes to the heart so sad a tale
Of bliss, of long-departed years,
Now "dimly seen through gathering tears,"
That never knell's funereal note
More sad upon the spirit smote!

Ye merry, merry bells, oh! when
Shall I your carols list again
With feelings as in life's young prime,
When roses wreath'd the brow of time?
Ah! never, never, jocund bells;
For now a tale your music tells,
A withering tale of vanish'd joys,
That, as I list, responsive sighs,—
Ye revellers, your tribute are,
And love, and memory's fondest tear!

Liverpool. G.

TO ZILLAH,* ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Another year has quickly passed,
Since first I hailed thy natal day,
And even, as I promised last,
I hail it with a humble lay,
In hopes that when it meet thine eye
'Twill find it sparkling bright with joy.
Another year hath added grace
And lustre to thy loveliness;
For in thy features I can trace
The all that I will ever bless:
The woman's air, and grace, and tone,
And beauty that is all thine own.

When first I saw thy sparkling eye,
That beamed on me so wildly bright,
I feared before a year passed by
That death might chill its tender light.

But now another year is passed,
And left thee lovelier than the last:
And now I touch my lyre's wild string,
To bless again this happy day,—
That flies so swift on sunlit wing;
I would it might for ever stay,
That I might bless thee still the more,
And love thee dearer than before.

Oh, may another year still find
Thee happier than thou art e'en now,
With that serenity of mind
And gladness that is on thy brow;
That I again in song may bless
Thee in thy holiest loveliness.
I would not that one moment's pain
Should dim the lightness of thine eye,
Nor on my memory leave a stain,
As it hath done in days gone by;
For then I had a doubt and fear
I might not hail another year.

Manchester, August 14, 1826. W. R.

* The wife of the writer.

GERTRUDE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude throughout his last agonizing moments, with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings, and those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago at Haarlem, in a book entitled "Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death."

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold
The night of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph! say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for ME to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world!—what means it?—MINE IS HERE—
I will not leave thee now!

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss,
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed Heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
—Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part:
But, oh! with such a freezing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou, shouldst speak!

The winds rose high—but with them rose
Her voice that he might hear;—
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near:
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

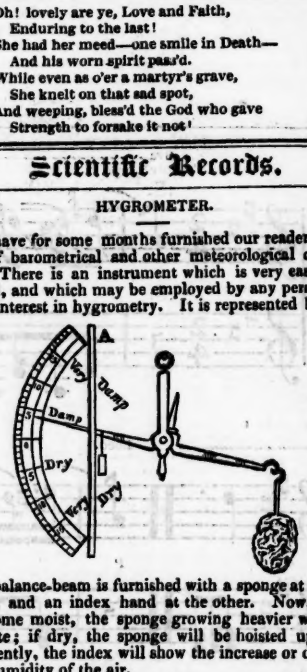
She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd,
As Joy and Hope ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in Death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
She knelt on that sad spot,
And weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

Scientific Records.

HYGROMETER.

We have for some months furnished our readers with a series of barometrical and other meteorological observations. There is an instrument which is very easily constructed, and which may be employed by any person feeling an interest in hygrometry. It is represented beneath.



The balance-beam is furnished with a sponge at one extremity, and an index hand at the other. Now, if the air become moist, the sponge growing heavier will preponderate; if dry, the sponge will be hoisted up, and, consequently, the index will show the increase or decrease of the humidity of the air.

In this hygrometer, Mr. Gould, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, instead of a sponge, recommends oil of vitriol, which is found to grow sensibly lighter or heavier, in proportion to the lesser or greater quantity of moisture it imbibes from the air; so that being satiated in the moistest weather, it afterwards retains or loses its acquired weight as the air proves more or less moist. The alteration in this liquor is so great, that in the space of fifty-seven days it has been known to change its weight from three drachms to nine; and has also afforded an index or tongue of a balance thirty degrees. A single grain, after its full increase, has varied its equilibrium so sensibly, that the tongue of a balance, only an inch and a half long, has described an arch one-third of an inch in compass; which arch would have been almost three inches, if the tongue had been one foot, even with so small a quantity of liquor; consequently, if more liquor, expanded under a large surface, were used, a pair of scales might afford as nice an hygrometer as any kind yet invented. The same author suggests, that oil of sulphur *per campanam*, or oil of tartar *per deliquium*, or the liquor of fixed nitre, might be substituted in lieu of the oil of vitriol.

This balance may be contrived two ways; either by having the pin in the middle of the beam, with a slender tongue, a foot and a half long, pointing to the division on an arched plate above; or the scale with the liquor may be hung to the point of the beam near the pin, and the other extreme be made so long as to describe a large arch on a board placed for the purpose.—*Atlas.*

ARCTIC OVERLAND EXPEDITION.

(Extract of a letter from Dr. Richardson to a Friend.)

"*Fort Franklin, Great Bear Lake, Feb.* 1826.

"After remaining as long at New York as our desire to commence our journey would permit, we proceeded to Lake Ontario, crossed it to York, the capital of Upper Canada, and from thence travelled by land and water, in carts and in boats, to Penetanguishene, a naval depot in Lake Huron. Here we embarked in two canoes, manned by twenty-four Canadian voyageurs; our party previously consisting of five officers and four marines; and, coasting Lakes Huron and Superior, arrived at Fort William, a post belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, on the 10th of May, 1825. At this place the expedition embarked in four small canoes, adapted for the navigation of small rivers, and proceeding in two divisions by the Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, Lake Winifrey, and the River Suskatchew, came to Cumberland House, where the seamen attached to it, and who had been sent out with three boats, passed the winter. We arrived at Cumberland House on the 15th of June, twelve days after our seamen had re-

sumed their voyage for this summer, and losing no time in following them, we overtook them on the 29th of the same month, near the height of land which separates the rivers flowing towards Hudson's Bay, from those which fall into the Arctic Sea. Our progress after this was more slow, from the accumulation of our stores and provisions, which we had been picking up at the different trading posts on our route. The different portages detained us considerably, as the crews had to make five or six, and when the boats were carried, seven or eight trips across. Merthy, the longest portage on the route, is about thirteen miles statute in length, and occupied us seven days. We arrived at the Lake of the Hills on the 15th July, at Slave Lake on the 26th, and entered Mackenzie's River on the 31st. On the 3d of August we arrived at Fort Simpson, situated at the junction of the River of the Mountains with the Mackenzie. On the 6th came to Fort Norman, another of the Company's posts, situate on the Mackenzie, about 200 miles further down; on the 7th entered Bear Lake River, and on the 10th arrived at this place, which we have since named after our commanding officer: Mr. Back arrived next day with the detachment of canoes under his charge. Captain Franklin and Mr. Kendall having descended the river to the sea in a boat, with six seamen and an Esquimaux interpreter, they came to the mouth of the river six days after leaving Fort Norman, having passed the last of the company's posts about half way. From Garry's Island, lying 28 or 30 miles to seaward of the river's mouth, they had a wide prospect of salt water, free from ice, and abounding in seals and white whales. This was a cheering prospect. After remaining a day or two on the island, to ascertain, by astronomical observation, its position, and which they found to be lat. 69 deg. 29 min. north, lon. 135 deg. 41 min. west, they re-ascended the river, and joined us here on the 6th of September. The expedition, up to this latter date, had travelled from New York, 5,160 miles, or from Penetanguishene, the outpost of Canadian settlements, about 4,444 miles, since the 23d of April.

"Captain Franklin was very desirous of opening a communication with the Esquimaux at the mouth of Mackenzie's River, but he did not see any of them. He left, however, presents of iron work at several encampments, which appeared to be of recent erection, and we have the satisfaction, since the commencement of winter, of learning, through the medium of an adjoining tribe, that they received them, and are desirous of evincing their gratitude by receiving us kindly next season."

The Beauties of Chess.

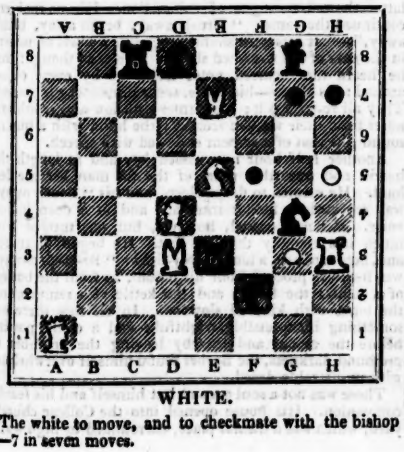
"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME CXII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Castle .....A—4✕	1 King .....B—8
2 Bishop.....D—6✕	2 King .....C—8
3 Castle .....A—8✕	3 Castle.....B—8
4 Castle .....B—8✕ MATE.	

[NO. CXIII.]

BLACK.



WHITE.

The white to move, and to checkmate with the bishop E—7 in seven moves.

Correspondence.

GRAMMATICAL QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having seen in a late *Kaleidoscope* the words "less seldom" made use of, I thought there was some doubts respecting the correctness of the expression, and inquired of a very grammatical cousin of mine, if the word *less* should not have been *more*; but she answered with an air of gravity, that some adjectives were compared by descending or decreasing terms, as *bad*, *little*, and *seldom*, which last takes *less* and *least*, or *er* and *est*, if we were allowed to use *er* and *est* to words of two syllables. If she was not quizzing, I think she is in error, although "all but" infallible; for where *er* and *est* are inelegant, *more* and *most* should be made use of. Yet it seems paradoxical that *more seldom* should mean *less often*, and *less seldom*, *more often*; indeed I hardly know what to think of it, and, in confusion, almost cede to her argument, that *less seldom* is fewer times, or less often than seldom.—However, I hope you will put forth your hand to extricate me from my present dilemma, and whether you award the palm to my cousin, or myself, you will deserve thanks, and you shall have them. PLUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Notwithstanding the compound word, "spoonfuls," is found in Dr. Johnson, I have no hesitation in saying it is a word that abstractedly means nothing. Dr. Arbuthnot, who was a literary man, might inadvertently have made use of it; or, I should rather think, the Latin words abbreviated by medical men, *cochl: tri:* have been mistranslated by the assistant in the shop, when some mixture prescribed for our great lexicographer by his friend was made up into "three spoonfuls." The words have since been brought into use by similar means. Physicians, you need not be told, do not write their prescriptions in English; and I, therefore, think the above the most reasonable suggestion. What should we think of a public journalist, if he were to inform us that "three shipfuls" of sugar and rum had lately arrived in port!—Nonsense. Yours, &c. OBSERVER.

School for the Deaf and Dumb.—We understand that Dr. ALBERT, several of whose communications have appeared in the *Kaleidoscope*, is about to take up his residence in Liverpool, and we hear, with pleasure, that he intends to deliver four lectures, for the benefit of that excellent institution, the School for the Deaf and Dumb.—An outline of this short course will be published forthwith.

The Egyptians have a very singular law respecting thieves. Those who are disposed to follow this way of life are obliged to have their names entered in the register of the head or chief of the thieves; to whom it is understood that they are to bring directly, and without delay, whatever they have stolen. Those who have been robbed are likewise required to specify to him in writing what they have lost, stating the place whence, and the day and hour when, it was taken away. In this manner all the effects are recovered without trouble, and the person who has been robbed, after paying a fourth of their value, gains possession of them. For since it was found to be impossible wholly to put a stop to the practice of thieving, a way was found out by the legislator of recovering what was lost on the payment of a moderate price of redemption.

Craniology.—The Rev. Winter Hamilton, a dissenting minister of Leeds, has just published an able Essay on Craniology, in which he refers the origin of this celebrated art to one John Rohan de Retham, who published a tract upon the subject in the year 1500. That the modern discovery is about three hundred years too late, is, he tells us, evident from this tract. The terms in both are the same, generally ending in *iva*. The local seats of the mind are as determinately indicated in each. The ancient German speaks of the *cellula imaginativa*, *cellula communis sensus*, *cellula estimativa seu cogitativa et rationalis*, *cullula memorativa*, &c. The fable is, therefore, as obsolete as it is absurd; and presents but the "Organic Remains" of a craniology exploded more than three centuries ago.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

THE BARBER OF GOTTINGEN.

One night about ten o'clock, as the Barber of Gottingen College was preparing to go to rest, after having scraped the chins of upwards of a dozen of students, the door of his shop opened briskly, and a short, burly, thickset man made his appearance. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. In stature he did not rise above five feet, but this was amply compensated by a paunch which would have done honour to a burgomaster. His face, his legs, and, in truth, his whole frame gave equal tokens of *en bon point*; and spoke in eloquent terms of good living and freedom from care. This worthy personage had on a broad-brimmed glazed hat, a brown frock-coat, and brown small-clothes, with copper buckles at the knees. His hair, which was curly, and as black as pitch, descended behind and at each side, underneath the rim of his hat. His whiskers were thick and bushy; and his beard appeared to be of at least four days' growth.

The salutation which he made on entering the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Barber, was more remarkable for freedom than for politeness. He pushed the door roughly aside, and strutted into the middle of the room, placing his hands jockeywise into his coat-pockets, and whistling aloud.

"Can you shave me, I say?" was his first address to the astonished tonsor.

"Sir?" said the latter, with a stare of surprise, as he turned round and encountered the eye of this new arriver.

"I say, can you shave me?" thundered out the latter with increased loudness.

The Barber was a tall, meagre, spindle-shanked figure of a man, somewhat up in years, and not remarkable for an extraordinary share of courage. He had, however, too high an opinion of himself—being no less than perukemaker to the professors of Gottingen—to stand tamely by, and be bearded in his own house. His indignation got the better of a feeling of dread, which, in spite of himself, began to creep over him; and he heard the demand of his visitor with rather an unusual share of resolution.

"You ask me if I can shave you, Sir," said he, ceasing from the operation of strapping a razor in which he was engaged; "I can shave any man that ever wore a beard; and I see no reason why you should be more difficult to shave than other people, unless, peradventure, your chin is stuck over with bristles like a hedgehog, or some such animal."

"Well, then, why don't you shave me?" returned the other, throwing himself upon a chair, pitching his hat carelessly to one side, and stretching out his short plump legs as far as they would go. "Come along, my old boy; now I am ready for you." So saying, he unloosed his neckcloth, laid it down, and grasped and rubbed his neck and chin with both hands with an appearance of peculiar satisfaction. But the College Barber was in no mood of mind to relish such freedoms. He stuck his Dutch spectacles upon the tip of his long skinny nose, projected forward his peering chin in a sarcastic, sneering manner, and eyed the stranger with a look anything but favourable. At last he broke silence—

"I said, Sir, that I could shave any man; but——"

"But what?" said the other, aroused by the gravity of his tone, and turning round upon him.

"But it is not my pleasure to shave *you*." And he commenced strapping his razor as before, without taking any farther notice of his neighbour. The latter seemed astounded at what he heard. He, in fact, doubted the evidence of his ears, and gazed upon the Barber with a look of curious astonishment. His curiosity, however, soon gave way to anger; and this was indicated by a most portentous heaving about the chest, and an increased flushing of his rubicund face. His cheeks were at length blown out and distended with genuine rage, till they acquired something of the rotundity and proportions of a good large pumpkin.

"Not shave *me*!" ejaculated he, emptying his lungs and cheeks at once of the volume of air accumulated within them. The rushing out of this hurricane of wrath was tremendous. The Barber trembled from top to toe when he heard it, but he uttered not a word.

"Not shave *me*!" He was silent as before.

"Not shave *me*!" repeated the little man a third time, louder than ever, and started from his seat with a bound perfectly remarkable for his corpulency. The shaver got alarmed, and well he might; for the other stood fronting

him—his arms a-kimbo—his eyes flashing fire, and all his attitudes indicative of some hostility. The strap was dropped, and the razor quietly deposited upon the mantle-piece.

"Do you mean to do me an injury in my own house?" said the Barber, with all the courage he could muster.

"Donner and blitzen! Who talks of injuring you? I wish you to scrape my beard. Is there any thing extraordinary in that?"

"I can shave no man after ten o'clock," replied the Barber. "Besides, my business is solely confined to the professors and students of the university. I am strictly forbidden to operate on the face or head of any other person, by the most learned Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus."

"Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead!" observed the other with a contemptuous sneer. "And who may he be?"

"He is the Provost of the University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy thereunto," answered the Barber, not a little scandalized at hearing that learned man spoken of in such terms.

"Ay—and a pretty dunderhead fellow he must be to give any such orders. However, I am not going to waste my time here all night. All that I have got to tell you is this, that if you won't shave me I shall shave you." And suiting the action to the word, he reached up his hand, got hold of the Barber by the nose, and placed him, by sheer force, upon the chair which he himself had just left. The suddenness of this action deprived the other for a moment of his senses. He sat gazing, with a mixture of rage and amazement, at the author of the audacious deed; nor was it till he felt the brush, loaded with cold soap suds, thumping upon his cheeks, and heard the stranger laughing aloud, that he reflected upon his situation. His first impulse was to start up, but he was instantly pushed down by the brawny arm of the little man. He then turned his head from side to side to avoid the assaults, but this did not mend the matter: his face was reached by the brush, and brow, nose, cheeks, and ears bespattered with the soponaceouseffusion. Nor when he attempted to bawl out were his efforts more successful: the indefatigable operator filled his mouth with lather, and laid on with greater energy than ever. With one hand, grasping him by the throat, and the other armed with the shaving-brush, the fat man continued at his occupation, laughing heartily, and enjoying, with the most turbulent mirth, the scene before him. At last the Barber managed, with great difficulty, to get out some words, and cried strenuously for mercy, promising, by heaven and earth, to shave his oppressor when and where he thought proper, whatever Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead and the Senatus Academicus might say to the contrary.

This declaration procured him a release. He rose up trembling from the grasp of the stranger, and having his face more thoroughly bedizened with his own peculiar liquid, than any face, handsome or ugly, which ever came under his hands. His first care was to free it of those ignominious marks of good will by means of a towel, while the author of this outrage threw himself upon the chair, almost convulsed with laughter.

As the astonished shaver prepared his utensils for the operation about to be performed, though in a different manner, upon his opponent, he had some leisure to recover from the shock into which he was thrown. Indignation was still a prominent feeling in his mind, but this was subordinate to other emotions; and the dread of his sufferings being repeated, together with the appearance of the stranger, who had now resumed his seat and was whistling impatiently, made him hasten his preparations with unusual speed. Having arranged every thing, that is to say, having prepared a razor, mixed up a quantity of foaming lather, and stuck a towel under the chin of his customer, he was about to commence, when the latter thundered out, "*Avaunt!*" The Barber gave way like a scared poacher, retreated some steps, and gazed at the other with ill-suppressed alarm.

"Perhaps you mean to cut my throat?" said the stranger, in a loud voice.

"My business is to shave beards, and not to cut throats," rejoined the affrighted shaver, with all humility.

"Very like—very like; but I don't choose to take you at your word: so have a care. If you cut my throat, I will blow your brains out, that's all." And placing his hand in one of the large pockets of his frock coat, he brought out a horseman's pistol, cocked it deliberately, and placed it on a chair which stood beside him. "Now proceed," continued he, "and remember, if you so much as scratch a pimple on my chin, or leave a single hair unshorn, I shall send a bullet through your numskull."

The appearance of this terrible weapon augmented, as may well be supposed, the Barber's alarm. His hand shook like an aspen-leaf, and he kept laying on the suds ten times longer than he ever did on any former occasion. He was terrified to lay his razor on the chin of so dangerous a subject, and resolved to keep brushing to the very last moment, rather than run the risk of having a pistol discharged at his head. The delay, indeed, was useful to him, as it gave his hand time to recover its wonted steadiness. Nor did the stranger take it ill; on the contrary, his good humour appeared to return with the agreeable titillation of the shaving-brush; and he whistled aloud, thereby blowing the soap from his lips upon the Barber's face, with a look of apparent satisfaction.

Half an hour had now passed away since the latter commenced laying on the soap, and he was still employed at this preliminary operation. The fat man relished it mightily; and, far from complaining of its tediousness, kept whistling away, and humming snatches of old songs, to the no small annoyance of the operator, who found the utmost difficulty in making the brush move smoothly over features so diversified in motion and expression. Notwithstanding all this gaiety, however, the shaver did not like his new acquaintance. There was something odd about him; and, even though there had been nothing remarkable, he could not, at once, forget the egregious insult offered to his own person only a short time before. Instead, therefore, of laughing at his strange sallies of broad humour, he felt his heart burning with a wrath which nothing but genuine fear prevented from bursting forth. The whistling and singing of the stranger only produced disgust; his witticisms drew forth nothing but a grin. Every moment his outrageous mirth became more intolerable. His whole aim seemed to be to stultify and ridicule the unfortunate Barber, who continued to apply the brush with a feeling of agony which dyed his pale cheeks to a dingy hue, and lengthened his gaunt physiognomy fully a couple of inches.

It will be asked, why did he not get through with his operation, and rid himself of so troublesome a customer? This, as we have said, proceeded from his dread of applying the razor to the chin of so irritable a personage. But time quiets all things, and his dread, at last, wore off. His hand became steadier, and he thought he might now venture to finish a business, commenced under such extraordinary auspices. His attempt was in vain. No sooner had he ceased applying the soap, and was in the act of moving off for his razor, when the loud voice of his customer fell, like thunder, upon his ear, "Brush away, my old boy—nothing like it." And he continued humming these words for a quarter of an hour longer, during which time the Barber was compelled to soap his chin without the least interval of repose. It was now eleven, as was indicated by the striking of the College clock.

Three-quarters of an hour had he scrubbed away at the chin of this strange character, and, as yet, he saw no more chance of his labour terminating than when he began. The same toilsome, never-ending task was still before him, and he was kept working at it as by some supernatural agency. It was in vain for him to get into a passion; the fat man laughed in his face. It was in vain to attempt a cessation of his labour; the eternal "Brush away," from the mouth of his tormentor, kept him at the work. Still more vain was it for him to refuse; he remembered the punishment inflicted upon himself for such an act, and had, moreover, an eye to the pistol hard by, by means of which, doubtless, its owner would have enforced compliance.

Never was any human being so completely wretched. He felt as if within the charmed ring of some enchanter, from whose precincts it was impossible to escape. He had no power of his own. His will was useless; every movement of his body was in direct opposition to its dictates. What could he do? If he stopped one moment, that cursed sound of "Brush away," was thundered into his ears. If he moved for his razor, he was brought back by the same invoking spell. If he refused to shave, he ran the risk of being shaved himself. Nay, even though he had the razor in his hand, what security had he that he might not scratch the chin of such a talkative and unsteady being, and thereby get as a reward a pistol bullet through his brain? Such was the deplorable condition of the Barber of Gottingen University.

"Brush away," cried the Stentorian voice of the stranger, as he plunged his fingers among his immense mass of black curly hair, and showed, while he laughed, a mouth which might well nigh have swallowed the full moon.

"I can brush no longer," said the Barber, dropping his hands with absolute fatigue. "I have brushed for more than an hour to no purpose, and am exhausted beyond endurance."

"Exhausted, say you, my old boy? I shall cure you of that. Here, swallow a little of this glorious stuff—the Elixir Diaboli of Doctor Faustus." So saying, he drew a bottle of red liquid from his pocket, uncorked it in an instant, and, before the Barber was aware, forced one-half of it down his throat. "Now brush away," continued he, "nothing like it."

Confounded by the suddenness of this action, the operator had no time to reflect. Again did he begin his eternal labour; again was the brush loaded with the supply of suds, and laid on as before. Inspired by what he had swallowed, he felt new vigour to diffuse itself throughout his body. His arms forgetting their fatigue, worked with refreshed energy, while the fat man continued to bawl out "Brush away," and laughed and grinned alternately in his face.

But, although his body was strengthened, let it not be supposed that the least glimmer of satisfaction was communicated to his mind. On the contrary, he became every moment more overwhelmed with amazement and wretchedness. Body and mind seemed to have dissolved their natural connexion. The former was a mere puppet over which the latter had no control. The unhappy man felt his misery. He knew the utter absurdity of his conduct—he knew that he was acting the part of an idiot—a madman—a laughing-stock. Yet with all this knowledge he could not check himself in his nonsensical career; but, as if by some infernal influence, he continued to lather the face of his obstreperous customer, notwithstanding all that inclination and common sense could say to the contrary.

We have said that the College clock struck eleven. Another half-hour passed by, and midnight was approaching. The apartment in which this strange scene was carried on began to get obscure, from the untrimmed lamp, and fading glow of the fire. A dim twilight from these sources lit it up, aided by the rays of the young moon peering through a small window, which opened into the College court. Every moment the place was becoming darker; and, at last, the Barber's blocks, capped in their corresponding wigs, and ranged at intervals along the wall, were so obscure, that they might have been mistaken for the heads of so many human beings stuck upon poles: nothing but their dark outlines were discernible. On the expiring embers of the fire stood the kettle, still singing audibly, and pouring forth streams of vapour from its spout.

This scene of gloom was no impediment to the operations of the Barber. He still continued his incessant toil, and the strange man as unceasingly his vociferations. "Brush away, my old boy," came perpetually from his lips, and was succeeded invariably by a long-drawn despairing sigh from the bosom of the shaver. The darkness at length became so great, that the latter could, with difficulty, perceive his own brush and soap-box. The lamp flickered some score of times like a dying meteor, and then went out; while nothing remained of the fire but a few red embers which communicated a local glow of warmth, but scarcely emitted the slightest ray of light. The room was illuminated solely by the faint beams of the moon, and was so dark that nothing but the outlines of the largest objects, such as the chairs and tables, were visible. The blocks, long ere this time, had hid themselves in darkness.

As the gloom became deeper, the Barber's terror increased. His hand could scarcely hold the brush, with which he worked at random, like a blind man—sometimes hitting, and sometimes missing, the physiognomy of the stranger. But though the darkness thickened around, though the College clock had struck the twelfth hour, the latter showed no signs of exhaustion. His eternal cry continued the same. "Brush away, brush away, brush away,"—that incessant sound rung like a knell of misery in the ears of the wretched shaver. He even thought that he heard the accursed notes taken up by every object around: his blocks—his kettle, seemed instinct with sound. They all re-echoed it; the former with low and sepulchral notes from their wooden sconces; the latter with a hissing sound like that of a serpent endowed with speech.

Another half hour now passed by, and at length the horrid and unearthly tones of the fat man became less loud. He seemed to drop asleep, and his "Brush away" was repeated at longer intervals, and in a deep hollow voice. It never ceased, however, but was uttered with much less rapidity than at first. He began to snore; and, between each, a long deeply-drawn "Br-u-sh a-way" was heard to proceed from his bosom, as from the bottom of a tomb: the blocks and the kettle also remurmured the tones with kindred slowness. In all this there was something inexpressibly frightful; and a cloud passing before the moon, and thereby leaving the chamber in profound darkness, the Barber found himself overwhelmed with unutterable dread.

There was not a soul present but himself and his fearful companion. His house opened into the College churchyard, which was a dismal place, surrounded by high walls,

and regularly locked in each evening. Every circumstance, therefore, contributed to render his situation more appalling. There was no one at hand to relieve him in his distress: no one to hear him should he invoke their aid. There was even no way of escape should he be so fortunate as to get out: the lofty wall of the cemetery rendered that a hopeless undertaking.

Meanwhile, he continued to ply at his endless task. The least pause brought on increased exclamations from the stranger. While he lathered him with rapidity, he was comparatively silent; but on any occasional pause from fatigue, the cries became redoubled in loudness and rapidity. Times without number was he obliged to shift the brush from one hand to the other from actual exhaustion. It was in vain: there seemed to be no termination to his efforts. If he relaxed a moment he was sure to be recalled by the incessant "Brush away" of the mysterious man.

Such intolerable misery could not endure. Human nature, in the person of the Barber, was taxed to its utmost efforts, and refused to do more. The anguish he sustained gave him courage, and, stepping aside all at once, he made to the door, intending to effect his escape. Alas! scarcely had he advanced a yard towards the threshold, than a "Brush away," louder than any he had yet heard, fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and froze the very spirit within him. He returned to his task, and commenced brushing the beard of the fat man as before. The cries of this personage now became more loud than they had been for the last half hour. His slumbers seemed to be broken, and he resumed, with unabated vigour, his old system of singing and whistling, and laughing fearfully.

"Brush away," continued he with his intolerable laugh. An't fatigued I hope, my old boy? Will you have another taste of my elixir, eh?"

"We are more in need of lights than of elixirs," ejaculated the Barber, with an effort which it cost him all his skill to accomplish.

"Brush away, then, and we shall not want lights. There's a brace of them for you. Did you ever see any thing finer, old boy?"

The Barber started back a fathom with amazement; and well he might, for in the midst of the darkness he beheld too horrid luminous eyes glaring upon him. They were those of the fat man, and seemed lighted up with that hideous spectral glow which is to be seen floating in mysteries and other places of corruption. The unnatural heat made his whole head visible. His face, so far as the soap permitted its tint to be seen, was flushed to the colour of deep crimson. His dark hair appeared converted into sable snakes; and when he laughed, the whole inside of his mouth and throat resembled red-hot iron, and looked like the entrance to a furnace within its enclosure. Nor was the breath which emanated from this place endurable: it was hot, suffocating, and sulphureous, as if concocted in the bottom of hell. Such a hedious spectacle was more than the Barber could endure. It gave him to his feet; and, dashing down his brush and soap-pan, he rushed out at the door, in an agony of desperation.

Away he ran through the church-yard, into which, as we have said, his door opened. Nothing was capable of impeding his progress. He leaped over hillocks, tombstones, ditches, and every thing that stood in his way. Never was terror so thoroughly implanted in the heart of human being. He had not been half a minute out, however, when his ears were saluted with one of the stranger's terrible laughs, and with his still more horrible "brush away." In another moment he heard footsteps coming after him, which made him accelerate his speed. It was to no purpose: the steps behind gained upon him, and, looking back, he beheld, to his horror, the fat man—his face covered with soap-suds,—the towel tucked under his chin, his hat off, and the horseman's pistol in his hand. He laughed, and roared out "Brush away," as he pursued the wretched shaver with a speed miraculous for a man of his unwieldy size. The moon, which shone fully at this time, rendered every object tolerably distinct.

He rushed to desperation, the Barber turned his footsteps into the tower of the steeple, the door of which stood wide open. He entered, and attempted to close it behind him. But it was too late; the other was close at his heels, and forced himself in. There was no time to be lost. Our fugitive ascended the stair of the tower, and ascended with the rapidity of lightning. There was a door nine stories up, which opened on an outside terrace upon the top. Could he only gain this, all would be well, as he could lock the door outwardly, and exclude his pursuer from coming after. His exertions to achieve this were tremendous, but without much success, for, about a yard behind him, he heard the steps and unnatural laugh, and "brush away" of the stranger. He even saw the light of his phosphorescent eyes glaring upon the dark stair of the tower, as he came behind him. Every effort was in vain. The Barber mounted the topmost step and pushed through the door: the fat man did the same.

They were now on the terrace—above them rose the church spire to a hundred and thirty feet; below them yawned a gulf of as many more. The first salutation of the stranger to his companion was a hideous laugh, followed by "Brush away! nothing like shaving!" The Barber, meanwhile, stood as far removed from him as he could—the monument of pale despair. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, and he knelt down with the agony of terror.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed his tormentor; "what dost thou think now, old boy? Brush away; come, give me a scrubbing till six in the morning—only five hours more—nothing like a little wholesome exercise." He concluded with one of his intolerable laughs.

"Brush away," continued he, holding his sides, and laughing at the mortal fear of the Barber. "Out with thy lather-box and thy brush, man; where are they, old beard-scraper?"

"I have thrown them away," muttered the terrified shaver.

"Thown them away! Dunder and blixum, then I have a good mind to throw thee away also! A toss from the tower would be a mighty pretty thing to look at in such a fine moonlight morning."

So saying, he took hold of the Barber by the nose as he knelt for mercy, lifted him up with perfect ease, and held him at arm's length over the terrace. The poor man's alarm at being poised by the beak over such a tremendous gulf may be better conceived than described. He kicked, and threw out his long arms to and fro, like a spider on the rack. He roared aloud for mercy, as well as his pinched nose would admit of—promised to shave his honour to the last moment of his life—mentioned the destitute condition in which his wife and family would be left by his death, and made use of every tender argument to soften the heart. It was in vain—the fat man was not to be moved, for, in the midst of one of the most eloquent appeals, he opened his thumb and forefinger by which the Barber was held. The nose slipped down from between them, and its owner—body and soul, tumbled headlong through the abyss of space, a descent of one hundred and thirty feet. Down, down,—down he went, whirling round about like a shuttlecock, sometimes his feet being upwards, sometimes his head. During these multiplied circumgyrations, he had occasional glimpses of his adversary above him. There he beheld him leaning over the terrace with his soapy face and the towel before him, holding his sides, and laughing with inconceivable vigour—while every now and then he could hear the hated "Brush away," coming from his lips. But the most dreadful of all the scenes which greeted him, was the glare of his ghastly eyes, which shot down spectral glances, and seemed like sepulchral lights to illumine him on his descent. Dreadful were the feelings of the Barber as he approached the ground. His frame shuddered convulsively—his breath came fast—he felt almost suffocated, and drew himself into the smallest possible dimensions, like a snail within its shell.

The fatal moment came at last when he was to be dashed in pieces, but, contrary to the laws of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the more slow his descent became. At last, it was so gentle, that he seemed to be sustained in air. Some good angel had caught him in his fall, and, instead of being shivered to atoms, he was borne as on the wings of light and music, to the ground. On turning round he felt some gentle one reposing beside him. It was his wife. Worthy couple! they were snug in bed together; and the Barber found, to his inexpressible satisfaction, that he had been dreaming.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Correspondence.

INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Permit me to reply as concisely as possible to the letter of *Dr. Albert*, of Manchester, in your last *Kaleidoscope*. He may be correct in his history of the original inventors of the art of instructing the deaf and dumb till about 1760, when, he says, "At length de l'Epée appeared, and humanity was freed from one of its most cruel afflictions. He was the first who proved from infallible principles the causes of deafness and dumbness; who rescued, from the condition of brutes, men whose reason was paralyzed, and invented for posterity the art of instructing the deaf and dumb." Thus far the Doctor is correct; but I beg to differ in opinion from him as to the character of Sicard, who was an empiric, and not worthy to be named with the good Abbé de l'Epée. The French nation has acknowledged the Abbé to be the greatest character she ever produced by the following eulogy bestowed upon him, which diffused his fame to all nations:

"*Science* would decide for D'Alembert, and *Nature* say Buffon, *Wit* and *Taste* present Voltaire, and *Sentiment* plead for Rousseau; but *Genius* and *Humanity* cry out for de l'Epée, and him I call the best and greatest of all."

But what shall I say of his successors, who have not only done every thing in their power to suppress the works of the good Abbé, but to render the art of instructing the deaf and dumb as mysterious as possible, and to degrade and vilify the character of this good and great man now in his grave? Shame and disgrace cry out for them, and and such I call the basest and vilest of all.—Persons at all interested in the education of the deaf and dumb would do well to read the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1822, article 6.—Yours, &c. J. P. ARROWSMITH.

Gloucester-place, Low-hill, October 6, 1826.

LIVERPOOL SHOPMEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Allow me to trouble you with a few observations upon an article which appeared in a late number of the *Kaleidoscope* against the shopmen of the mercers and drapers in Liverpool. I am happy to say that its malicious spirit and illiberal principles are something very unusual for your literary miscellany, and it contains a sort of personal enmity which I have never observed in any communication to that work before. Though the writer has censured the conduct of the young men as a body, it is not difficult to perceive that his ill opinion of them arises from some affront which he has received from the person described in the letter which bears the signature of *Lydia*. The terms employed in that description are what no gentleman would condescend to use, and I am sure no lady either. What the affront was, is best known to himself; I only suppose the circumstance from the appearance of his communication. An impartial reader may easily discover that it is not written by an attentive observer of men and manners around him, but by one who has a personal revenge to gratify under the concealment which a literary journal affords him. A candid and liberal censure of any body of individuals is an act which no one can fairly complain of; and should they consider themselves aggrieved, they can employ the same means to justify themselves from the charge as their accuser used in making it: but in what way, I ask, is the person held up to ridicule in the present instance to defend himself against an unseen enemy? Whoever he is, his only resource must be silence. I would strongly recommend to the serious consideration of this writer, before he again resumes his pen to point its venom against private individuals, the following lines of a great moralist and poet:

"Of all the griefs that harrass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest:
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart."

But upon the supposition that some of this writer's female friends have really received "short and impertinent answers" from the individual complained of, I can see no difficulty in supposing it probable; for it is a misfortune attending the situation of shopmen, that they are, from time to time, annoyed with a description of ladies who are properly denominated *shop-hunters*. These, together with the old maids, are so very troublesome, that it is not to be wondered at if they now and then get a "short and

impertinent answer." If some one of these has instigated the "dear *Observer*" to abuse the shopmen, I can assure him that he spends his strength for nought: they will not alter their conduct, let him call them what he may, but will continue to be as obliging to their customers as is consistent with uprightness and independence, leaving it to others, tutored by the pen of this writer, to be as cringing as they like, and as servile too.

Liverpool. W.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

The writer of the subjoined letter will perceive that we have omitted the introductory paragraph. Our reasons for taking that liberty must be too obvious to require explanation.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On the introduction of the Madras System into the national schools of England, the most eminent of the faculty were consulted on the subject which has called forth *Spectator's* wailings, and it was their unanimous opinion, "that *standing*, instead of injuring, tended greatly to strengthen the constitution, and promote the health of the pupils in the national establishments."

In the Blue-coat Hospital (the pride of our native town) which has been conducted on this system, and visited for years by our first physicians, the dreadful evil mentioned by *Spectator* is unknown. In fact, to sum up all in one word, the fancied hardship never had existence but in his philanthropic brain.

There may be, indeed, amongst us some imbecile *magisters*, whose very look would set all their scholars in a snore; and I have no doubt that *Spectator* had his information from some such sleepy-headed wiseacre, who, born in the world's obscurity, bow with reverence to the opinion of every *white cravat* that visits them; and who have no energy to infuse, nor intellect to work, the greatest moral engine for development of mind, emulation, activity, and rapidity of imbibement, ever invented by man,—the Madras system of education.

Rouse, ye time-serving slaves, and assert the independence of men!—ye, who pour instruction o'er the mind, and in your crowded rooms, surrounded by the ragged embryo of the next generation, try to fix the generous purpose,—rouse ye! from your servile sycophancy, ye sinews of the moral world! without whom the labour of the divine would be useless, and the laws of the statesman like ropes of sand!—rouse ye, and know that ye are not, to enlightened minds, looked upon as "charity teachers," but as teachers of establishments supported by that Godlike attribute!

To you, Mr. ——, I particularly address myself, and caution you, amid your cringing assents to impertinent questions, to add, that in your school, and in others conducted on the Madras system, the pupils do not constantly stand, but are continually moving in their classes, as their attention or inattention may oblige them; that during their school hours (from nine to twelve and from two to five) they are allowed a certain time to play; and that an hour, and sometimes two, in each day, are devoted to writing, at which time they sit down: indeed, in the greater number of the Madras schools in Liverpool, the pupils *sit* the greater proportion of the school hours, on forms arranged round the classes for that purpose.

I ask you, Mr. Editor (as you seem to have given the subject more consideration than it deserves) I ask you, what hardship it is for a boy to stand twenty-five hours out of the week's one hundred and sixty-eight, or five hours out of the twenty-four? Your compositors would think this G. I.; and none but a heart possessed of the sickening thrill of a dandy philanthropist of the nineteenth century could ever have discovered this fancied evil.

Stomachic nausea (except from half a dinner) is all my eye; and ten years' experience among some hundreds of children, together with many inquiries within the last few days, will surely entitle me to some credit when I say so. Nor can I conceive why such a communication should have been made to you, except, indeed, that *Spectator* be a joiner, who wants the directors of charity schools to be after adopting his *forms*. TYRTÆUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having, in the course of the week, read in the columns of your intelligent paper, some remarks on the discipline of schools which are conducted upon the Madras system, I was rather surprised to hear that the children are required to stand the entire day, which is seldom or ever necessary.

Dr. Bell, in his manual of directions for conducting schools, through the agency of the scholars themselves, says, that in some schools the children continue standing for hours together on the floor, but never did he say for a day or days; and if the children do not sit a certain portion of the day, it must be in consequence of the school being crowded to excess, or owing to indiscreet management of the superintendent, visitor, or master. If the children were required to stand to their reading, ciphering, taking places, and other movements peculiar to the system, for three hours together, which is generally as long as school hours continue at one time, this practice would be more conducive to the health and happiness of the pupils than that indolent habit of sitting the whole day; an excess in either case must necessarily impair the health and weaken the constitution. It may be said, that children are not particularly fond of standing; that may be true, but they are obliged to do many things which they are not willing to do, and so are adults, too, as well as children; yet it is their daily employment and moderate exercise that is the great source of their health, strength, and comfort. We will allow that *Spectator* was influenced by the best possible motives for the welfare of those little beings who are educated in the Liverpool monuments of Christian benevolence; but we are, however, disposed to believe that he has been exposing a practice which is not prevalent, as he pretends to affirm; and to convince him of the assertion, if he will visit, personally, each of the charity schools dispersed throughout the town (as I have done) he will find that in several, if not in all of them, the children sit about one-third or one-fourth of the time, during school hours, which practice, undoubtedly, is the best ever introduced into public schools. Yours, &c. AN ADMIRER.

PATENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

A *Constant Subscriber* of your publication, the *Kaleidoscope*, would feel particularly obliged if you would answer, in your next publication, the following query, viz.:

"Whether a person can *legally* obtain a patent for an improvement in machinery, after such improvement has been in work, say one, two, or three years, and the produce of such improvement been regularly disposed of?"

The individual asking the above being self-interested in your answer, would esteem it as a favour (if you are not acquainted with the patent laws) by your putting the same question, in any form, in your next publication. He would, nevertheless, be obliged by your opinion upon the same.

Manchester, October 4, 1826.

Although we have had some experience on this subject, we should be sorry if our correspondent places too much dependance upon our opinion. If he has any intention of taking out a patent under the circumstances adverted to in the foregoing note, we advise him, therefore, by all means, to consult a skilful counsellor, as there may be some new laws relative to patent rights, passed since we were in the habit of considering the subject. Our opinion is, that according to the showing of our Manchester correspondent there is nothing to prevent his obtaining and defending his patent provided the *improvement itself* to which he adverts, has not been made the object of sale, or *public* exposure. If we understand him, the articles *produced* by the machine (not the machine itself) have been sold; but he omits to state one essential point:—Has the *construction* of the *machine* been open to public inspection, or been confined to the inventor or friends upon whom he can depend? If it has been kept private, we have no hesitation in saying that the circumstance of the articles produced by it having been sold, will not at all militate against the validity of a patent.—We will illustrate our view of the subject thus:—Suppose we invent a new printing press, at which we print the *Kaleidoscope*; the sale of our publication thus produced will not prevent our taking out a patent for the press itself at a future time, provided we have not made the public acquainted with the *particular improvements* in our press, for which we seek to obtain the patent. One question, indeed, might arise on this case. We have supposed ourselves the inventors: but as there must be two or three persons employed in working the press, it is probable that they may have become acquainted with the *secret* before our patent was taken out, in which event they might *perhaps* set aside a patent, if they were so disposed. If, however, the improvement has been so concealed, that those who print with the press have not seen the improved mechanism, or do not understand it, then their having been employed in merely working it, will not invalidate our title to a patent at any time. The following paragraph very intelligibly and comprehensively describes the principle of the patent law. Still we again advise our correspondent to consult a professional man, before he incurs any serious expense.—*Edit. Kal.*

"A patent is granted upon condition that the invention is new, or new in this country; and that the patentee shall deliver a specification of his invention, containing such a description, plan, or model of the machine or article, as will be intelligible to every artist conversant in the same trade or manufacture; or the invention must be so described that the public may, at the termination of the patent, have the use of it in as cheap and beneficial a manner as the patentee himself uses it. Hence, if the specification be in any part materially false, defective, obscure, or give directions which tend to mislead the public, the patent is against law, and cannot be supported. The specifications are preserved in an office for public inspection. Some patents of very valuable manufactures have been declared void, on account of the designed obscurity of the specification."

To Correspondents.

SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL.—We have been so much pleased with perusing a translation of William Tell by Mr. Rathson, now resident, we believe, in Manchester, that we have solicited permission from that gentleman to give it a place in the *Kaleidoscope*.—Mr. R. having politely acceded to our request, we shall, probably, commence with a portion of it next week.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.—The letter of *Cadmus* did not arrive in time for this week's publication. It shall have a place next week.

MUSICAL NOTATION.—We have in reserve for the next *Kaleidoscope* another letter on this subject, from Mr. Macdonald, which we shall have great pleasure in publishing. In the meantime, we take this opportunity of inserting the following postscript of a note from the same gentleman, in reference to some errata in his former letter, published in the *Kaleidoscope* of September 26:—"I perceive there are *few errata* in my second letter, as it appeared in the *Kaleidoscope*. There is a quotation in the first line of the fourth paragraph, which you have omitted to mark; and in the sixth line of the same paragraph, *bore* should be *bears*. You have also omitted to mark the end of the quotation from Rousseau. In the fourth line from the end, *not* should be omitted."

THE BARBER OF GOTTINGEN.—This whimsical story, given in this day's publication, (copied from *Blackwood's Magazine*,) will perhaps be deemed too broad and absurd by some of our readers, who ought, however, to be apprised, that it is intended as a burlesque upon the extravagances of the German school. Perused with this qualification, the reader must be fastidious indeed who cannot laugh at the Barber of Gottingen.

THE FALL OF WALDECK in our next.

We have further to notice *J. H. S.*—*W.*—*Amicus*—*Enter*

Printed, published, and sold, EVERY TUESDAY, by E. SMITH & Co. 75, Lord-street, Liverpool.